

# THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

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## Seamen's Cause.

[Extract from a Sermon preached before the American Bethel Society, at its anniversary meeting in Ulica, April, 1848, by Rev. REUBEN TINKER, of Westfield, Chautauque County, N. Y.]

TEXT.—Eccl. xi. 1-6. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days," &c.

The sentiment illustrated and enforced was, *Duty is ours, the result is God's.*

The leading points in the body of the sermon, and which were equally applicable to all the benevolent enterprises of the day, were: We are to cast our bread on the waters—to give a portion to many—because we know not what evil shall be on the earth. We are forming, by our benevolence or selfishness, a character which will go with us beyond the grave; "for as the tree falleth, so it lieth." To benevolent effort there is reason to expect a blessing in return, if not immediately, after many days. We should not wait to remove all objections before we contribute to benevolent objects; for "he that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

We should not delay, in order first to understand the process by which God in his providence and grace will effect the result; for we do not understand even how our own souls and bodies came to be. God, who made us, and who maketh all, will secure the desired result by our co-

operation. We must labor continually, at all hours of the day, and all the days of our lives, and in all modes of beneficent action; because we do not know what particular act, word or thought shall prosper—&c.

The application of the sermon to the particular circumstances in which it was preached, we publish entire.

### "DOING."

The duty, "*doing*," to which your attention is specially invited this evening, and on which God's blessing has been so abundantly bestowed, is in behalf of those who go down to the sea in ships, and of those also who do business on our canals, rivers and lakes.

The ocean sailors are my friends. They have taken me and my family thousands and thousands of miles, been interested in our welfare and contributed to our comfort; and I have preached to them on board whale-ships, merchantmen, and men-of-war, and in the chapels of Honolulu and Lahaina at the Sandwich Islands. And who is not, as well as I, a debtor to them? They take the missionaries of Christ, the printing presses, Bibles and tracts, and scatter them round the world as "bread on the waters." They discover new nations and tribes; they convey the old world to the new, and the new to the old; and by them the products, the commerce, the intelli-

gence, the literature and religion of one part of the earth is transferred to the others. The ships are the rail-ways, the canals, the expresses and the telegraphs between the nations; yet the ships are nothing but as the sailors make them to go; nothing but, as under their direction, the plank road of a hundred feet stretches itself over the Atlantic and Pacific, and girdles the earth. Sailors bind the world together, and they should be a golden chain, bright with good will to men, and glory to God in the highest. And while they do us service at their own peril every hour, we ought in return to remember them, pray for them, build them *Homes* and *Bethels*, and furnish them with the printed and preached word of God. And so far from being sinners above all men in Jerusalem, they ought to be men of whom the world is not worthy, and to resemble the angels, who go on errands of mercy to every kindred and clime.

We must care for the sailor, because he is an immortal being, to be saved or lost; because he blesses or corrupts others wherever he goes; because he is subjected to many temptations, and deprived of many aids in morals and religion enjoyed on the land. And we have this additional interest in that class of men, that we know not how soon our sons may be of their number. Indeed it deserves our consideration, whether we should not devote ourselves and our children to a life on the ocean as a field of necessary mercy and usefulness in the world's salvation, second in its claims to no other. For sailors are the representatives of our country and of the Christian religion among all nations and tribes, and they hinder or help all others in doing them good. The children of God have overlooked "the hiding of their power" in the neglect of sailors, and in consigning them to the prince of the air because their home and work were on the water; and hence, being marked with the badge of profaneness, and

extending the Sabbath only a few fathoms from shore, and hanging their consciences on the Horn and other capes, and nailing horse-shoes in their cabins as household gods to help their luck, and cut adrift from character, reputation and hope of their own, and from the hearts, prayers and sympathies of their fellow men, they have been doomed to ruin; and what should be expected but that the wicked one would catch them and school them into intemperance and licentiousness, and make from the sternest of them pirates and mutineers.

A youth, spoiled perhaps in bringing up, runs away from his parents to make his fortune in whaling; the agent of the ship perceives he is a green-horn, and asks him what *lay* he would like, high or low? and he says, *high*, not considering that a two hundredth lay or part is only one quarter as much as a fiftieth would be—not considering that the higher the number the less the amount; and when he asks what he needs for his outfit, he is told he will find every thing ready to his hand from the slop-chest on board, but at how high a price or poor a texture is not told; when he is knocked about for his inexperience by his fellows in the fore-castle, and for his blunders or faults made into a "spread eagle" on deck by the officers; and when he reaches port, if he does not run away at the risk of being put in irons, he is gnawed to the bone by the "land sharks;" and when the voyage is done he has no money and no means of bread, but by going through a similar process again, what ought you to expect will become of that young man, and others subjected to such a discipline?

It deserves also to be considered, that many ships are away from home on voyages of three, four or five years; that the officers and crews see the same faces till they become extremely tired of each other; that from close contact any roughness of character produces



more friction; and that they are severed from the influence of female society and the domestic ties; and that the government of the ship is despotic rather than paternal, and you will feel that every means of alleviation should be employed; and your surprise will be abated, when you hear of wars and rumors of wars on board vessels, which illustrate "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." In the ship which carried me to the Sandwich Islands, and on board the one which brought me and my family back, there was serious trouble between the officers themselves, and between the officers and men. Pistols were loaded in one, and muskets in the other with a view to restore peace by preparing for war; or if preparation were followed by action, to secure personal safety to oneself in the death of his fellow. The disaffected parties are of necessity within a few feet of each other, and no way of escape; an unhappy condition indeed to the belligerent ones, and to all on board, as the innocent are specially liable at sea to suffer from the passions of the guilty. At a port where we stopped in South America, a vessel while lying there at anchor had been set on fire and burned by one of her crew. I saw there, also, a captain who said, that his ship had not long before been bored through with an auger by a sailor to sink it, but the danger was discovered in time to prevent the catastrophe. In another, a fire had been kindled and had made some progress for the purpose of destroying those on whom the incendiary wished to be avenged, though at the sacrifice of the rest and himself too, in one common and inevitable ruin.

#### DANGERS IN PORT.

And the dangers of sailors in port are even greater than at sea from the influence of rum and bad company. I frequently visited one in irons at Honolulu, a youth of Philadelphia, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," who in a drunken row had stabbed his

fellow, and was awaiting his trial; and I attended the funeral of another, who going on board intoxicated, fell from the bulwarks upon a boat below and died immediately; and John, one of our men, who thought on the voyage he had become pious, and determined not to swerve half a point from the course to Heaven, became drunk on going ashore; and no marvel, for they are strongly tempted to go in the way of sinners.

But now in that port, as in various others, chaplains are stationed and houses of worship opened for them, Bibles and religious books provided, and not a few are upright, sober-minded and Christian men. There are also to the sailors other and peculiar aids to reflection. The stars instruct them in their night watches; the ocean is a grand object whether it roll or rest; and the wonders of the Lord are seen in the deep; his power is displayed, and human dependence and nothingness are continually taught in a most impressive manner. In their best estate only a plank lies between seamen and eternity. An unseen rock or monster of the deep may sink them; a water spout break on them; the lightning kindle an unquenchable fire in the hold; or becalmed on a sea of glass there is no help or hope but in wind from God's treasury; and when the wind comes in a tempest which rears up old ocean to a foaming fury, and the sails are shredded, and the timbers crack, and the waves sweep the deck, and drift them toward the coast, they know that man is a moth, and that "power belongeth unto God." They find this is a changing and uncertain world where there is no abiding; and they know not what shall be the next hour nor moment—for at one moment the sails are spread to the breeze and the next furled for a gale. The sun shines one moment, brilliantly hanging a little rainbow in the spray of a thousand waves, the next moment frozen water-drops fall as thick as hail, and all the heavens are black with

the storm. The breeze blows favorably once more, and there is scarce time to offer thanks before the watchman, if you ask him "what of the day or what of the night?" answers, "The squall comes dead ahead; all hands on deck; furl the sails; lash the helm; and let her drive." Thus the sailors learn that God giveth no account of his matters; his footsteps are not known; clouds and darkness are round about him; his way is in the whirlwind and his path in the deep. To such a school and to such companionships are the sons of the ocean sent; and, that they should become brave and generous men, kind, rough and noble-hearted is to be looked for as only in keeping with the elements around them which shape their characters. And that they would be religious we should expect also, if religion were the child of nature, the watching against evil, keeping a straight course, and resting in heaven; all these seem to be the inner temple whose entrance would be found by them, in their submission to orders, in the study of charts and compass, in the watching for breakers, in laying their course, in knowing their reckoning, and in reaching the desired haven. And the haven, *Heaven*, is shadowed forth to the sailor, as it is not to you, in the sunset of inimitable beauty and glory surpassing our impressions of the New Jerusalem, as described by John, in gold and precious stones; sunsets one of which is a compensation for the pains and expense of a voyage. And in beholding it you might ask, "to what excellence may not simple men be transformed when the dark and transient vapors can be so changed into the image of the heavenly!"

#### CONVERSION OF SEAMEN.

But the change which the sailors need is not affected by clouds and waves. There is no way to Heaven at sea, more than on the land, but by Jesus Christ, "the way, the truth, and the life." And they are led to him as others are, by the va-

rious means of grace, and providences of God in arresting attention, and the Spirit of God in renewing the heart; some by reading the Bible, Baxter's Call, or the Dairyman's Daughter; one is awakened in a mariners' church, another by hearing the Sabbath bell from the shore; one, by hearing a congregation of Sandwich Islanders sing Greenville; another cries in the forecabin, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" and another, while lying aloft in the gale, sings, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." In a Report of the American Seamen's Friend Society, it is stated that in a crew of one vessel five were recently born again; in another, that eight of ten in the forecabin are praying and singing praises to God every morning and evening. In another, ten hopefully converted in a fortnight; in another, seventeen in a week; and in several others, the entire crews, officers and masters apparently new creatures in Christ Jesus. One of these claims to be "the happiest ship that floats," and another, "Heaven begun below." May such be multiplied, till the abundance of the seas are converted to God.

And now leave the ocean, come ashore, and make our way through our country on the canals, rivers and lakes, crowded with thousands of boatmen, thousands of boys on horseback, driving ahead, and thousands of sailors working their passage—transporting the travellers and the products of all nations, and the overflowing abundance of our states and territories, so that the stacks of wheat and corn from the hand of the prairies are cast on the waters, and their sheaves do obeisance at all our doors; and the coal mines are in a transition state passing from their beds through the water to the fire; and the well favored and fat kine, which fed in the meadows, we see, not in a dream as Pharaoh did, but in barrels on boats *coming up out of the river*. The commerce of our country is one of the wonders of



the age; its statistics magnify themselves so that a man would scarcely believe it, though it were told him. And the moral and spiritual condition of our watermen deserves our earnest regard; the happiness and grief of thousands of families are connected with them; the morals of the community are tainted if they be immoral; and God will be dishonored by us if we suffer his holy day, and name and word to be profaned by them when we might prevent it; and in case we suffer their souls to perish in the lake below, when by our aid they might be in the ark of safety, what shall we say, when God makes inquisition for their blood?

I have been warned to work out, not only my own salvation, but the salvation of the boatmen by the dead sailors washed ashore at Barcelona and buried in the grave-yard near me; and the dead of the Erie, and the Washington, and the Phoenix, and a long list of the dead of other boats who went as in a moment into eternity, these all warn you and me to be ready and to get the boatmen ready: their constant exposure to death and ruin; the value of their souls; the love of Christ; the commands of God; the teaching of our text, all call us to efforts in their behalf; to cast the bread of life on the waters; to "sow beside all waters;" to sow in the morning and not withhold our hand in the evening. A blessing will follow; both *this* and *that* may prosper.

Therefore, cast the *Sabbath* on the waters, for it was made for man; the sailors and boatmen must have it, or evils will be on the earth, and on us, perhaps, as on Sabbath-breaking Israel, a captivity of seventy years. Cast the *Bible* on the waters; the sailors and boatmen must have it, the bread of life; otherwise we know not what evils shall be on the earth; on us perhaps a famine of the word of the Lord. Cast *religious books and tracts* on the waters; the sailors and boatmen must have them—the "leaves for

the healing of the nations"—if withheld, we know not what evil shall be on the earth; on us, perhaps, the leaves of a pestilential and licentious press coming into our houses like the lice and frogs of Egypt. Cast the *chaplains* and the *canal missionaries* on the waters—"fishers of men"—that the sailors and boatmen may be taken in the gospel net; for otherwise we know not what evil shall be on the earth; on us, perhaps, the evils of Jonah, the tempest, the overboard, and the cry "from the belly of hell."

Our welfare for time and eternity, our prosperity as individuals and as a nation are found in a faithful stewardship; in scattering the blessings committed to us of God as the clouds scatter rain; else God will scatter us and our trusts heaven wide; our canals, lakes, cars and boats; our commerce, manufactures, merchandise, farms and flocks; our temples of religion and science; our halls of national and state legislation; our armies, navies, treaties and leagues will be chaff in the wind and stubble in the fire. God will pass our gold and silver through the furnace of his "hot displeasure," and it will come out heavy rail, a double track, for the engines and cars of desolation to run in trains, east, west, north and south, rolling like thunder through the land. God, who takes up the isles as a little thing, and holds the ocean in his hand, holds also in his hand the villages, cities, and plains; the lakes, canals, cars and boats, and, easier than you can breathe, they sink or swim; they go to splinters on the rocks, or to ashes in the flame, or to safety in the desired haven. There is no safety for us but in God, and no safety for us there, but in doing His will; and this we do in communicating blessings; and thus we shall live in His sight, and thus only, for the individual and nation that will not serve God shall perish.

Cast yourselves, then, your influence and possessions on the wa-

ters, and find them after many days. Sow beside all waters, and gather in. Sow again in the morning, and again in the evening, and gather in. Bring in the seamen and the boatmen till they are all fastened to the cross, and the anchor of their souls in the cleft of the Rock of Ages. And see to it, my friend, that the hope of your soul is there, for that is your only safety and salvation; see to it that when the dead rise from the sea and the land, you rise to meet the Lord with joy and to be safe by his side—not cast away in the lake of fire in the tempest of his wrath, the “horrible tempest,” the “everlasting burnings.”

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### The Connecticut Sailor Boy.

THE *Cornelia* was a good ship, (said one of the West India chaplains of the American Seamen's Friend Society,) but at one time we feared she was on her last voyage. We were but a few days out from New York, when a severe storm, of five days' continuance, overtook us. Like a noble charger between two contending armies did the ship quiver in all her joints, and struggle to escape from the fury of the winds and the waves. At the height of the storm I must tell you of a feat of a Connecticut sailor boy. He was literally a boy, and far better fitted for thumbing Webster's Spelling Book, than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow, and where could the boy earn a living for himself and mother better than at sea? The ship was rolling fearfully; twice I saw the captain lose his centre of gravity, though he kept his temper pretty well, and measure his length on the deck. Some of the rigging got foul at the main-mast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job. I was standing near the mate and heard him order that boy aloft to do it! He lifted his cap and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling,

wrathful sea, and the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment, then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the fore-castle. Perhaps he was gone two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My eye followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending that boy aloft. He could not come down alive! Why did you send him? “I did it,” replied the mate, “to save life. We've sometimes lost men overboard, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He'll come down safe, I h-o-p-e.”

Again I looked, till a tear dimmed my eye, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about 15 or 20 minutes, having finished the job, he came down, and straightening himself up with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak with him, and ask him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? Why he went down into the fore-castle? “I went, sir,” said the boy, “to pray.” “Do you pray?” “Yes, sir: I thought I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God.”

“Where did you learn to pray?” “At home; my mother wanted me to go to the Sunday School, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do.” “What was that in your jacket pocket?” “My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart.”

TEMPTATION.—A castle may be assaulted without being overcome. If the tempter excite an evil emotion and we reject it, the sin is not ours, but his; but if we comply with the evil, we surrender ourselves at discretion.



## Sick and Dying Sailors Abroad.

[From a Missionary at Constantinople.]

AND what shall I say of our labors among seamen? Last year I suppose that not fewer than *ten thousand* British seamen visited our port. Would that we could do more for their good! With all our other labors crowding upon us, we can give them but a small share of our attention. Every one will see that they require the active services of at least one man exclusively devoted to their spiritual interests, and yet no seamen's chaplain has ever been stationed here. The most that we can do is to preach to them when they come to our chapel, which they frequently do; to visit those who are put on shore, in the hospital, sick; and to bury their dead; and these services to the dying and the dead occupy more, far more of our time, and draw more upon the sympathies of our hearts, than many of our good friends at home can possibly imagine. During the last summer the number of funerals which we were called upon to attend averaged more than one a day for two or three months! It was an unusually sickly season, and there was no English chaplain on the ground. Mr. Everett attended most of these funerals, though others of the missionaries occasionally took their turns.

It is really affecting to attend the funeral of a sailor in this foreign land. Who cares for the sailor? He traverses every sea, and braves every danger, and by fatigues and exposures brings himself to an untimely grave, and all to furnish those who stay at home, in their own "ceiled houses," with the luxuries of different climes, and yet when he dies who cares for him? He meets his fate often in a far-off land, among cold-hearted strangers. At home he has left a mother, a sister, or it may be a wife, who, could they be present at the closing scene, would show that there are hearts that throb with affection even for him; but there he lies alone in his hammock, or on that

couch in the midst of the hirelings of a neglected hospital, panting for breath, and his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth for thirst, and yet no one offers him even a cup of cold water, nor makes an effort to smoothe in the least the rough pillow of death! And when he dies, he is buried too often as a dog. Who cares for the sailor? I have been called to perform the last services at the grave of such an one, when not a soul was present but myself, and four miserable porters who were hired to carry the body to its burial-place. It is not always so, however. I was delighted to find the master of a vessel present on one of these occasions, and a goodly number of other sailors. And when, after the services were performed, I made inquiries of the captain in regard to the circumstances of the death, I saw the tear trickling down the cheek of the sun-burnt mariner, my heart went forth towards him, and I blessed God that he had given me this opportunity of seeing at least one captain of a ship whose heart yearned over his men, and who seemed to look upon the grave closing upon one of his crew, in some degree as he would look upon the burial of a brother. I have no doubt there are many more equally humane (or human) captains, but, somehow or other, it has fallen to my lot to witness only one such scene, though I have been called to bury many a sailor-boy.

Still more affecting is a visit to the sailor's hospital. It never wants for inmates, and usually some are very near their end. I have never in my life seen more gratitude expressed by looks and words, than in this hospital, by those neglected sons of the ocean, for a word of kindness and sympathy spoken, and rarely has it been my privilege to find more attentive listeners to religious conversation and instruction. In former years I used to see more of them than I have of late. The duty of visiting this hospital for the last year has devolved chiefly upon Mr. Everett,

who has there directed more than one dying sinner to Christ, and also aided in comforting some of God's own people who were in the last extremity.

I think I shall never forget a scene I witnessed there on one occasion, in which I was called to visit an individual who was dying. I was called out of my bed, after midnight, at the dying sailor's own request for a clergyman. As I entered the sick room, in which there were perhaps a dozen others lying around, I saw one sitting upright in his bed, and apparently in very great distress. In answer to my inquiry, the physician of the establishment told me that was the dying man! I should never have suspected it, and never did I see death come in such a form before. The man was actually in the last struggles, and yet he was panting for breath, and his physician said he could only live a very short time. His disease was consumption. I lost no time in endeavoring to ascertain the state of his soul, and was pleased to find that he regarded himself as a lost sinner, and professed to have no hope but in Christ as his only Saviour. I talked with him for some time, and prayed with him twice, and soon his spirit was called away; I hope to a better world.

But I have another sailor story to tell before I pass to other matters. Some years ago, Mr. Hamlin, one of our missionaries, was passing through a street in Galata, near the water, when his attention was attracted by the crowd, and on inquiry he learned that an American sailor had fallen down in the street, and was dying of the cholera. He immediately made his way through the crowd, and found that it was even so, to all appearance, as had been related to him. There lay in the middle of the street a sailor-boy, not more than eighteen years of age, apparently very near his end. Mr. H. lost no time, but immediately procured a room near by, and had the individual carried there, at the same time sending for

a physician. God blessed the efforts so promptly made, and the sailor-boy recovered. It was a slow process, however, and during the two or three weeks of his convalescence, Mr. H. and the other missionaries visited him frequently, and endeavored to deal faithfully with his soul. He was exceedingly ignorant of the gospel, but God shined into his heart by the light of his Holy Spirit, and he was soon an intelligent and joyful believer in Christ Jesus. He took passage to Boston in a homeward-bound vessel; and he was not long on shore before he found his way to a prayer-meeting for sailors in the seamen's chapel. In the course of the meeting an opportunity was given for any one who pleased to offer prayer. This young man arose, and in the fullness and simplicity of his heart, for the first time in his life became the organ of address in prayer for a large assembly. The beginning of his prayer was rather abrupt, but it was an index to the true feelings of his heart towards those strangers in a foreign land who had succored him in the time of his distress. The first sentence he uttered was, "O Lord God, *bless the missionaries.*" This young man found, on reaching his home, that his parents, and some other of his friends, whom he had left in wickedness and unbelief, had been truly converted to God in his absence, and they were prepared to welcome him as one in a double sense "*alive from the dead.*" The sequel of the story is, that this same sailor-boy who was found by the missionaries perishing in the filthy gutters of Constantinople, is now a *preacher of the Gospel* in America, zealously laboring to bring multitudes of his fellow sinners to a saving acquaintance with Christ! He occasionally writes to the missionaries, and seems to possess, in a high degree, the spirit of his Master.

I cannot close my allusions to seamen without saying, though it is foreign somewhat to the particular subject of my letter, that among the English masters of vessels who



are regular traders at this port, there are several who appear to be truly godly men, and who take a deep interest in all our operations here, and it is a great comfort to us to see them here from time to time.  
—*Observer.*

### Sailor Colporteur.

[From our Chaplain.]

Valparaiso, July 12, 1848.

On the 2d instant the mate of a vessel sailing out of the port, called on me for conversation and books. He is a member of Mr. Hedstrom's church. Is a Swede. He has been here more than two years, and holds on to his religious character. Has acted as a Bible and book distributor on his various voyages, and when on shore among his friends. He has put in circulation between thirty and fifty copies of the word of God; also many of the Tract Society volumes, and a great number of tracts.

He wished books for himself, and purchased D'Aubigne, with several other volumes; in all about a dozen, for his own reading during his next voyage to Mazatlan. He says he finds it such a good thing to have these volumes, and when he has read them to give them away to do good to others.

He also made report of Spanish Scriptures that he had sold on the coast in his last voyage.

There is also a German captain on the coast who acts in the same manner; he has a good supply with him at present, and ere long I expect to see him and hear that he has scattered them all. An excellent Englishman, a ship carpenter, has written within a day or two, asking to have some copies of Nelson and Bunyan in German, sent to him. He is at a port called Maule, making preparations for building some vessels; the timber which abounds there is to be got out, and then brought hither for construction. This will be a good step, for most of the ships on the coast under the Chilian flag are old European or American crafts that

have been sold here, and scarcely safe to ride the seas with. This man writes that he finds a deplorable state existing there. He has found several Germans, who bought all the books he carried with him, and need still more. I shall send him some by the first opportunity. On the Sabbath he says people get together there, natives, English, Americans and Germans, to drink and sing and dance; and his heart is pained with the profaneness abounding.

In the hospital now there are a few persons, and no one very ill. One man who has had the dropsy, but is at present better, assures me that he wishes eternal life, and hopes he has, with genuine repentance, laid hold upon it. Not many days ago I was urging a ship carpenter to attend the house of God; but he excused himself on the ground of finding it often necessary to work at his business on the Sabbath day. Yours truly,

D. TRUMBULL.

### From our Secretary in Massachusetts.

A CLERGYMAN in Vermont, in a note enclosing \$5 for the cause of seamen, from his congregation, regrets that it is not more, and apologizes on the ground of the feebleness of his congregation, and expresses his wish that they were able to do more for our "noble society."

How many pastors might preach on the claims of seamen, and ask their people to contribute in their behalf; or, with a brief statement of what the cause demands, might give opportunity to those who have a heart to aid, to hand in their contributions, and thus, though the sum might be small in each case, yet in the aggregate confer a great and lasting benefit on seamen and the world.

A lady in Mass. thus writes the Secretary there: "Enclosed is a small donation contributed by the children of the Maternal Association, which they wish to have appropriated to the Seamen's Friend

Society." Will not other children, and the Secretaries of other Female Associations do likewise? These little rills are of vast importance, as they go to make up the limited amount of means with which we are endeavoring to elevate, and sanctify, and save, a long-neglected, but interesting and useful class of men.

Yours truly, W. B.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Is not it a Beautiful Picture?

WHILE the city of New York has 238 houses for its 400,000 inhabitants to worship God in, or one church for every 1,680 persons; it has 4,000 places of devotion to Bacchus, or one for every one hundred persons. Suppose the average receipts of these drinking houses to be \$500 a year each. Then it costs the city in cash, *Two Millions* of dollars to support them, or \$5 for each man, woman, and child!—Enough to support *Four Thousand* school teachers with each a salary of \$500. But does not the city get a revenue for licensing these houses? Yes, and pays ten times the amount in supporting the paupers, punishing the crimes, and in efforts to remove the evils thereby occasioned! It is like a man's allowing his bog-meadow to be flooded by a dam for \$5 a year, and losing thereby more than \$50 worth of timber. As a piece of political economy, and financial wisdom, *is not it a beautiful picture?* Two millions of dollars to support places which are not only useless, but fountains of woe and crime, and poverty and disgrace! Enough to build annually one hundred churches, and as many school-houses, at a cost of ten thousand dollars each.

A man of integrity will be a man of truth; as he intends always to walk in the path of rectitude, he has nothing to fear. His soul shrinks from everything like deception—his yea means yea, his nay means nay.

### Marseilles Chaplaincy.

Marseilles, Oct. 10, 1848.

THE interest with which American Christians look upon the progress of events in Europe, is greatly instructive and encouraging to Christians scattered through the papal countries. Here, in the midst of excitement, it is difficult to realize that the Gospel is actually making advances; for it is painfully manifest that the worst passions of the human heart are stirred up to effect these mighty changes. Without the cheerful faith of distant and calm observers, whose readiness to promote the Gospel is quickened by every new convulsion among these nations, and whose liberality is brought sensibly home to him—a missionary laboring quite alone in his peculiar department, in the midst of great confusion and out-breaking wickedness might soon be utterly discouraged. In my own case I must say that my faith stands up against the floods of evil, only as it finds itself in fellowship with the whole body of the Evangelical church. As a member of the Seamen's Friend Society I feel a certain degree of strength and hope in my labors; for that society is a mighty heart, beating ever true to the glory of Christ in human redemption. God has owned it; He will glorify himself by it. It is not necessary that its scattered servants should see or know all that is effected by its influence. Each is permitted to feel encouraged as to his individual usefulness, provided he has the witness of the Spirit that his heart is in fellowship with the great society.

The friends of the society will remember that my engagements abroad are primarily to the Foreign Evangelical Society. Since my arrival here, Nov. 16th, 1847, there have come in 51 American merchantmen with 653 officers and hands. I have boarded all these vessels, except two or three that were in and out again during my absence with the frigate. I have



distributed tracts and offered Testaments aboard them all, and given direct invitations to all hands to attend the Sabbath service. I have not made any formal inquiries as to who among them were members of churches; but I feel the propriety of your recent suggestion to me that I should do so, as it may be that some worthy Christians among them have felt disappointed, or some backslider been left more to himself than he ought to have been. Yet I have been on the look-out to discover evidences of piety. My custom is, on seeing an arrival in the paper, to go down to the ship chandler's, where the American captains meet to get the news, &c.; and before making myself known, to notice a little the style of the talk; sometimes falling into conversation with the new comers, and getting their opinions all out strong and unmistakeable. Questions as to church-membership would in most cases be quite superfluous. There have been but two or three instances of captains or mates decidedly hostile to missionary efforts, although I regret to say there has been prevailing scepticism as to the use of them. I have invariably been received with courtesy aboard the vessels, and every facility that circumstances would allow has been made in favor of the service; so that although there have been but few vessels in during the summer, yet I have failed to hold worship aboard only one Sabbath since May 1st. As a large proportion of the seamen are foreigners, and many of them Romanists, it happens sometimes that I get but two or three of the crew of the vessel on which I preach to attend—though others come from other vessels. Yet have I had many gratifying evidences of good will to the cause, in the full attendance of just such mixed crews, and that too when I had been warned of the captain not to expect any of *his* men to come to hear me. For example, not long since a Salem ship, eleven months out, came in from Sumatra, with ten hands be-

sides officers. Here I was told there was but small chance of getting hearers. The thing is, however, to be tried; we will know better how the case stands afterwards.

*Self.* Good morning, sir; is the mate about here?

*Ans.* Yes, I'm the mate.

*Self.* Well, sir, I come aboard as seamen's chaplain to see if—

*Mate.* Oh! the — you be, (turning on his heel and going about some job.)

Now as fishers of men, we are, of course, to pay out plenty of line in such cases—he must think he is entirely gone from the fisherman. After conversing around awhile with the clerks, inspectors and crew, mate is alongside again, when a few pleasant words seem to take with him, he has no objection whatever to my preaching to the congregation of monkeys aboard, in case the men should clear out. However, in the end he is kindly disposed for the service, and all hands promise to stay by to-morrow to attend it. They do so, and despite the annoyances from the quay, the vessels on either side, the jingling of bells, the music of the passing troops and the animation of the monkeys, I have as attentive an audience as I could ask. On another occasion I held the service on this ship in the fore-castle, as it was raining; the sixteen men were there, and I believe, too, that the spirit of God gave impression to the truth. During that week the vessel was off again for the Pepper Coast. I may never see one of those men again, but I shall always remember their looks and their hearty expressions of thanks to me “for preaching the gospel to them.” I am not the proper judge of the influence of my labors in this way. If the estimate of it to which I am naturally inclined by what I see, were not connected by reflections upon the nature of the operations of the Spirit and certain declarations of the Bible as to gospel industry, I should be quite disheartened; so easily do seamen fall into gross sins, on the holiday Sunday

of a French sea-port; and that too, after serious promises in the morning to walk soberly and in the fear of God. In the long watches upon the deep, the word preached here may yet become spirit and life. As a large proportion of the vessels return to New York, you may perhaps learn something further as to my labors out here.

I feel an honest pride in my country, as it has been generally represented in the captains and mates of our merchant service, so far as I have opportunity to compare it with the service of other nations; yet evidences of piety have been very rare. Last winter, when seven or eight vessels were in at once, and lay here for some time, several of the captains and mates came very steadily to my twelve o'clock service, up in the city. I have not yet preached on any English vessel; but I board them and sometimes have the crews at service. In addition to this work, I have preached eleven Sabbaths on board our men-of-war, to perhaps six hundred different men, besides the officers. The navy makes a very important part of a chaplain's field of labor up in the Mediterranean, and now that our winter station is at Spezia, I think we ought by all means to keep a chaplain on the sea. The American trade up here is falling off every year, or perhaps I should say, the French, Italians, and Germans are fast getting their own carrying trade. Still, at certain seasons, we have considerable shipping at given points. In September and October there is a gathering at Malaga. In November, December, and January, we have considerable at Palermo; so much that the chaplain should by all means be there during those months. I have received the offer of a free passage to Messina, to start in a few days; but the state of the Island is such, that it would be useless to go just yet. The war with Naples is still in progress, and it is very doubtful indeed, whether the vessel will be allowed to enter. I am watching my chance

to go down the coast of Spain this fall, on some one of our men-of-war, ordered home; they are expected to touch here first and meet the relieving vessels at Gibraltar. I may perhaps get a passage thus both ways. As your Board have allowed me fifty dollars for expenses on a roving service of this kind, I shall be able, I trust, to preach to a great many souls this coming winter. In remaining all the while at Marseilles, I should enter into but a small portion of the labor practicable for a seamen's chaplain in these waters. Still less should I fulfil the duties of my mission under the Foreign Evangelical Society.

In conclusion, I may say that the character of our dear America is now the study of the old world. Statesmen will judge us by our writings, our laws, and the statistics of government; but the common people on these shores will judge us by our navy and merchant service; and earnest labor in behalf of our seamen is of unspeakable importance in the great effort to evangelize these papal countries.

With much esteem, ever truly  
your brother in Christ,

G. H. HASTINGS.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Scripture Illustration.

*MAL. iii. 3. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.*

Christ purifies his people as the refiner does his silver; watching patiently for the melting moment, and improving the instant of completed purification, to perpetuate on them his daguerreotyped image.

There was in Dublin a company of pious women who met stately to study the Scriptures. On one occasion, the passage above quoted came before them. They found that they did not understand the text, and appointed one of their number to call on a silversmith, and inquire into the process by which he perfected his work. "Sir," said she, "do you sit while the work is going



on?" "Oh yes, madam," he replied, "I must sit with my eye steadily fixed on the furnace; for if the time necessary for refining be exceeded in the slightest degree, the silver is sure to be injured." After the process had been fully described, and as the lady was about leaving the shop, the silversmith called her back. "There is one thing I forgot to mention," said he, "I only know when the process of purifying the silver is complete, BY SEEING MY OWN IMAGE REFLECTED IN IT."

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For the Sailor's Magazine.

### The Irish Mother.

"You will be obliged to dismiss that woman, she does her work so badly," said Capt. R. to the steward of the Sailor's Home, one day.

"I suppose I shall," answered the steward. "I took her in from pity."

"From pity? Who is she, and what is she?"

"She is a poor Irish woman, just arrived in this country: her husband died a few months ago, and left her a widow, with six young children. She has left them in Ireland and come over here to find employment to earn enough, if possible, to bring them over; such is her story, and she seems honest enough."

"Well, show her how to do her work and keep her a while, till we know more about her."

She was modest, diffident, and retiring, little disposed to be communicative, and with little appearance of energy of character.

"You have left your children in Ireland, I understand?" said the Captain, approaching her.

"I have, all of them, the dear ones."

"How old are they?"

"The oldest little girl was thirteen and a half when I left her in care of them all, and the youngest, sweet one, was a little more than two."

"How long since your husband died? and how have you supported them since?"

"My husband died about four months before I left Ireland, poor man, and left us in a little cottage and not half of a quarter acre of land; and the rent was twenty-five shillings a-year. I put the land into potatoes and garden vegetables for the support of the children; but that was little you see, sir, after paying the rent. I thought I should be obliged to take them to the poor-house; so I says what I thought to the children; but Johnny says to me—that is the second one, dear boy—"O dear mother, do not send us to the poor-house, for ye see they will not let you come with us, and we shall be separated from you; and the white swelling is there, and many of the children dies; but do, dear mother, leave us here to get along as well as we can, while you go to America; and it may be, mother, with God's blessing, ye may be able to fetch us all over at last, if it be but only one at a time." And so the child was teasing me day and night to come to America; so I wrote a letter to my two sisters in New York, the one at service, the other married, for the loan of a few pounds to fetch me over; and they sent me six pounds; and I left the younger children asleep when I came away, for I knew, sir, if I parted from them awake, they would cry so after me, it would break my poor heart."

The Irish mother toiled on, after this conversation, for weeks, and even months, doing her work better and better, and remitting every cent of her wages, often in advance, to her children, and receiving in return from them, letters, from which we give a few extracts.

"Dear Mother,—Soon after you left us, the landlord, seeing we could not pay the rent, took the best bed, and the bedstead, and the table, and the chairs, and left us only the blankets, and the straw on the ground; but I hope you will return him thanks, and his family, in your next letter, for giving the house gratis to us, this present year." \* \* \* "Dear Mother,—The price of meal here is one shil-

ling and sixpence; the worst of flour the same; in regard of the prices being so high, that we deferred to pay their demands, for rent, &c., which you had mentioned in your letter, until the next time you write. Catharine bought no shoes since you left home; in like manner, she would *want* to buy some clothes for the children. Dear mother, we must buy the *fining*, too, for if we do be seen in the mountains, or in any other place, gathering sticks, we will be summoned. Dear mother, I hope you will send for myself, that is Johnny, as soon as you can, if you think I would be any benefit to you there."

The mother, with her Irish heart almost crushed with the thought, that although nearly a year had passed, not a dollar had been saved to pay the passage money of the first child, was about resolving to go back and starve with her children in Ireland. But by a good Providence, she was in the *Sailor's Home*—her case reached the ears of sailors. The distance from a sailor's ear to his heart is short, from his heart to his pocket shorter. A subscription was started among the boarders, and raised at once to sixty dollars; increased a few days afterwards, by another set of boarders, to one hundred dollars, and by a loan from her relatives, and an advance of her wages, to one hundred and forty dollars; sufficient to provision and pay the passage of the whole six.

The second Sabbath in November, in the morning, one of the runners of the house made his appearance before the door with six thinly clad, bare-headed, and bare-footed Irish children. The meeting of mother and children was a meeting of Irish hearts: they laughed and cried all at once, and all together. The first burst of joy over, Croton water, hair-brush and comb did all that a mother's love and ingenuity could do to improve the condition and the appearance of the young voyagers. At evening she might be seen in her little room, by a

cheerful light, and with a more cheerful heart, gazing into the face of one and then another of her sleeping children as they lay in pairs in different beds about the room.

"This is the first place I came to in America," said she, "and this is the best place I have found yet, and this is the happiest hour I have seen. By the blessing of God and the kindness of the sailors, God bless them all their days, we are all here in America. The children want shoes and clothes, and the older ones employment. If we can get the latter, we will soon have all the rest."

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### "A Copper for Me."

"NOBLE SAILOR.—We copied from a morning paper a day or two since, a paragraph stating that a sailor had with great difficulty, and to the imminent risk of his own life, saved an individual from drowning at East Boston ferry. On his name being inquired, he returned for a reply, 'No one cares a copper for me.' We have since learned that the name of this heroic sailor is John Williams, a native of Augusta, Me."—*Boston Courier*.

A copper for you! Sailor, you are mistaken this once. There are those who have a sincere and deep interest in your welfare. And they express that interest too. Hundreds are using every means in their power to promote your sobriety, and social and moral improvement; to save for yourself and family your money, your character, and your comfort. Thousands are engaged seriously and earnestly in furnishing and urging upon your acceptance the glorious gospel of the blessed God; in praying that the gospel may be the power of God to your salvation, and are ready to rejoice with the angels over your repentance. Say not then, "No one cares a copper for me."

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought can never die.



For the Sailor's Magazine.

### "Bound for Heaven by the Stars."

It was a fine reply of a converted astronomer, who, when interrogated concerning the science he had been idolizing, answered, "I am now bound for Heaven, and I take the stars IN MY WAY."

Next to the astronomer none has more to do with the stars than the sailors. Before the compass was invented, towards the close of the twelfth century, he was often compelled to "take the stars in his way." Driven to sea by a storm, or by a spirit of adventure, it was natural for him to look away from the trackless deep into the expanse above; and when the sun and moon failed him, to fix on the brightest and most prominent star. Indeed, the star was the companion of his longest night-watches, and hence his greatest favorite. He fancied it possessed life, intelligence, and power. He fancied his destiny subject to its control. Hence many, many a prayer has he put up to the star for guidance and protection. And since science has controlled the helm, with the needle in the binnacle, how often has the sailor, in laying his course for the night, made a straight wake by his favorite star! Particularly in running up the northern latitudes from the Equator. He is homeward bound. With intense interest he watches for the first glimmer of the North Star, rising from the waves. Every night it rises higher, higher; and as it brings him nearer, it renews the associations of home, and a thousand endeared recollections of loved ones there. It is the same star which used to shine on that home, and those friends; and why should he not gaze upon it till the tear dims his eye? Why should he not take it in his way, when it lies in the path of his home? Is the sailor bound for heaven? There is one star he must take in his way; the star which came out of Jacob, Numbers xxiv., and which is called by John, Revelation xxii., *the bright and morning star*. Has he

lost his reckoning? No solar or lunar observation so true to tell him his position as one taken by this star. Has the night been long and cheerless? No beams so bright and full of joy as those of this morning star. Is the sailor in peril? This inspires him with hope. Dying? This fills him with joy; for the deeper the waters, the brighter its beams; the more difficult and distant the shores to be gained, the steadier and clearer its far-reaching effulgence.

"Bright candle of the Lord!

The only star by which the bark of man  
Can navigate the sea of life,  
And gain the coast of bliss securely."

Yes, sailor, if you are bound for heaven, you must take this star in your way. There is not another in all the sky but may lead you astray. This never. There is not another which shines in the cloudiest and most stormy nights. This always. There is not another but was created on the fourth day. This is from everlasting. There is not another which shall not be blotted out. This will increase in splendor, and be the morning-star of eternity. O see to it, then, that you steer by this star. Mind your helm by day and by night, and never lose the guidance and protection of one mighty to save. So shall you enter the same port with the converted astronomer, having taken the brightest and best of the stars in your way.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### Important Information to the Superstitious.

"The third Sunday in this month was an exceedingly pleasant one, notwithstanding it stormed the first Sunday of the month. We delight in occasions to disprove this old woman's whim."—*Oasis*.

"And we saw the new moon over the left shoulder the first time the past quarter, but have met with no ill luck as yet."

We have moreover learned on good authority, that although the cat in the fore-castle of the good ship Biscay, cut various capers,

and was also seen to scratch most ominously the dead-lights; and although the pigs on the decks were as restless as the cat, shaking their mouths full of straw, and dancing portentously; and although night after night the sailors saw a bright little star close to the moon, she experienced no severe storms, and made a most successful voyage!

We are happy to add, that for several years vessels of all descriptions have sailed out of New York on *Friday*, and that too, with no horse-shoe nailed to the mast, and have been just as free from harm, and successful as vessels sailing on other days!

And one thing more. A sailor has been known to lay asleep on the deck for two hours, with the moon shining full in his face, and for days after, it could not be perceived that his countenance had been set awry in the least!

For the Sailor's Magazine.

### A Mother's Memory.

[Selected from Mrs. Hawkes' Memoir, by F. L. S., the mother of a sailor.

"I HAVE been shutting myself up in my dear departed mother's chamber, the very walls and furniture of which are sacred. A thousand times have I marked her retiring into it for purposes of devotion. Often have I overheard her strong cries and tears to God, and often caught the sound of 'MY CHILDREN,' as if that interest was uppermost. At morning, at noon, and at evening, she never failed to retire to read and pray. Thousands of tears has she shed in this chamber, where I have sometimes had the privilege of kneeling down by her side. How *present* is her image! how sweet my communion with her departed spirit! Little did I then know the value of her intercessions for her children, or the weight of her character and example as a Christian. Thank God, I know it now; and abhor myself in proportion as I estimate her. Oh

that I might but tread in her honored steps! Oh that her prayers for every one of us may be like 'bread cast upon the waters,' found after many days! Oh may my dear mother's God be my God! He graciously carried her through many years of weakness and sorrow. He enabled her to walk worthy of her high calling; and he stood by her in a dying hour. Her last words were—'For me to die is gain,' and, 'I WILL PRAY FOR MY CHILDREN WHILE I HAVE BREATH.'

My brother seemed much upon her mind. Oh may his mother be much upon his mind, and upon all our minds, and may we meet her in glory! Who knows but her happy spirit has been a witness to my secret transaction in her former chamber? May all my transactions through life be equally pleasing in her eyes!"

### Help One Another.

It is the law of Providence for the allotments of mankind to be various. The general wisdom of this arrangement is apparent in the adaptation of all classes and events to each other, and in the ability of the Gospel to give contentment in every condition of life. It is the duty of all to render to each other that assistance which God may put it in our power to grant. In the language of Sir Walter Scott, the race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, who need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.

### RUM-SELLER.

That man must be in a very bad case, who has the prayers of all good men against him.



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

## The Dead Sea.

ACCORDING to an account of Lieut. Maury, in the Southern Literary Messenger, this expedition was planned by Lieut. Lynch, and assented to by the Secretary of the Navy in the spring of 1847. The store-ship "Supply" took out Lieut. Lynch and two metallic boats as transports. The boats were carried over mountain gores and precipices by the party appointed for the expedition, and on the 8th of April, 1848, they were landed upon the Sea of Galilee. The Richmond Republican has condensed the interesting article of Lieut. Maury as follows:

The navigation of the Jordan was found to be most difficult and dangerous, from its frequent and fearful rapids. Lieut. Lynch solves the secret of depression between Lake Tiberias and the Dead Sea by the tortuous course of the Jordan, which in a distance of sixty miles, winds through a course of two hundred miles. Within this distance Lieut. Lynch and party plunged down no less than twenty-seven threatening rapids; besides many others of less descent. The difference of level between the two seas is over a thousand feet.

The waters of the Jordan are sweet to within a few hundred yards of its mouth. The waters of the sea were devoid of smell, but bitter, salt and nauseous. Upon entering it, the boats were encountered by a gale, and it seemed as if the bows, so dense was the water, were encountering the sledge-hammers of the Titans instead

of the opposing waves of an angry sea.

The party proceeded daily with their explorations, making topographical sketches as they went, until they reached the southern extremity of the sea, where the most wonderful sight that they had yet seen awaited them.

"In passing the mountain of Uzdom, (Sodom,) we unexpectedly, and much to our own astonishment," says Lieut. Lynch, "saw a large, rounded, turret-shaped column, facing the southeast, which proved to be of solid rock-salt, capped with carbonate of lime, one mass of crystallization. Mr. Dale took a sketch, and Dr. Anderson and I landed with much difficulty and procured specimens of it."

The party circumnavigated the lake, returned to their place of departure, and brought back their boats in as complete order as they received them at New York. They were all in fine health. This is a specimen of the skill, system and discipline of the American Navy. No nation in the world has such a service. The time is coming when it will give proofs of that fact, palpable to the most dull understanding.

Thanks to the good management of Lieut. Lynch, the whole cost of this scientific exploration of the Dead Sea, (except, of course, the cost of equipage and maintenance of the crew of the ship,) was but seven hundred dollars.

From the letters of Lieut. Lynch, quoted by Lieut. Maury, we tran-

scribe the following interesting facts elicited by the exploration :

"The bottom of the northern half of the sea is almost an entire plain. Its meridional lines at a short distance from the shore scarce vary in depth. The deepest soundings thus far, 188 fathoms, (1,128 feet.) Near the shore the bottom is generally an incrustation of salt, but the intermediate one is soft mud, with many rectangular crystals—mostly cubes—of pure salt. At one time Stellwager's lead brought up nothing but crystals.

"The southern half of the sea is as shallow as the northern one is deep, and for about one-fourth of its entire length the depth does not exceed eighteen feet. The southern bed has presented no crystals, but the shores are lined with incrustations of salt; and when we landed at Uzdom, in the course of an hour our foot-prints were coated with crystallization.

"The opposite shores of the peninsula, and the west coast, present evident marks of disruption.

"There are unquestionably birds and insects upon the shores, and ducks are sometimes upon the sea, for we have seen them—but cannot detect any living thing within it; although the salt streams flowing into it contain salt fish. I feel sure the results of this survey will fully sustain the scriptural accounts of the cities of the plain."

He thus speaks of Jordan: "The Jordan, although rapid and impetuous, is graceful in its windings and fringed with luxuriance, while its waters are sweet, clear, cool, and refreshing."

After the survey of the sea, the party proceeded to determine the height of mountains on its shores, and to run a level thence, via Jerusalem, to the Mediterranean. They found the summit of the west bank of the Dead Sea more than one thousand feet above the surface, and very nearly on a level with the Mediterranean.

"It is a curious fact," says Lieut. Maury, "that the distance from the

top to the bottom of the Dead Sea should measure the height of its banks, and the elevation of the Mediterranean, and the difference of level between the bottom of the two seas, and that the depth of the Dead Sea should be also an exact multiple of the height of Jerusalem above it."

Another not less singular fact, in the opinion of Lieut. Lynch is, "that the bottom of the Dead Sea forms two submerged plains, an elevated and a depressed one: the first, its southern part, of slimy mud covered by a shallow bay; the last, its northern and largest portion, of mud and incrustations and rectangular crystals of salt, at a great depth, with a narrow ravine running through it corresponding with the bed of the river Jordan at one extremity, and the 'Waddy el Jeio,' or 'wady within a wady,' at the other."

"The slimy ooze," says Lieut. Maury, "upon that plain at the bottom of the Dead Sea, will not fail to remind the sacred historian of the 'slime-pits' in the vale, where were joined in battle 'four kings with five.'"—*Signal*.

#### NOTICES TO MARINERS.

*Lights on the Coast of France.*—Notice has been given by the French government, that, on the 15th of October, five new lights were established on the coast of France.

*Calais Light.*—An Intermitting Light, showing a flash every four minutes, the flash being preceded and followed by short eclipses. On the 15th of October the old revolving Light of Calais was discontinued, and a light established instead of it, varied every four minutes by a flash, preceded and followed by short eclipses. The light-house stands in one of the angles of the fortifications of the town, about 437 yards distant from the old one, in lat. 50 deg. 57 min. 45 sec. N. and lon. 1 deg. 51 min. 18 sec. E. The light will be 167 feet above the ground, 190 feet above the level of the sea at high water, and may be seen at the distance of twenty-one



miles. The eclipses will not be total within the distance of about twelve miles from the Light.

*Note.*—In order to prevent any mistake arising from the number of Lights on this part of the coast, the following are the characters of the different Lights in the vicinity of Calais:—Ostend, a fixed Light; Dunkerque, revolving every minute; Gravelines, a fixed Light; Calais, (new,) varied by a flash every four minutes, as above; Grinez, revolving every half minute; Cayeux, (entrance of the Bay of the Somme,) varied by a flash every four minutes, as that of Calais.

*Department of Finisterre.*—I.

Two fixed Lights at the mouth of the River Odet. 1. A fixed Red Light on Point du Coq, the left bank of the Odet, and on the star-board hand in entering, stands in lat. 47 deg. 52 min. 20 sec. N. and lon. 4 deg. 6 min. 38 sec. W. The Light is 30 feet above the ground, and 33 feet above the level of the sea; it may be seen at the distance of eleven miles. 2. A fixed Light of the ordinary color is placed at the distance of 291 yards N., 14 deg. W. of the former. The Light being thirty feet above the ground, and fifty-seven feet above the level of the sea, it may be seen at the distance of thirteen miles. These two Lights on with each other lead through the principal channel at the mouth of the Odet. II. Two fixed Lights at the port of Concarneau. 1. A fixed Light in the fort of La Croix, at Concarneau, is in lat. 47 deg. 52 min. 11 sec. N., and lon. 3 deg. 55 min. 1 sec. W. It is 30 feet above the ground, and 46 feet above the level of the sea; it may be seen twelve miles distant. 2. A fixed Light is placed between Concarneau and Benzec, 2052 yards N., 28 deg. E. from the above. It is 30 feet above the ground, and 178 feet above the level of the sea; it may be seen twenty miles distant. These two Lights on with each other lead into the little roadstead of Concarneau, clearing to the westward the rocks of Luc Vras and adjacent dangers; and to the

eastward, the rocks called the Corchon, Barzie, and Men-Fall.

TRINITY HOUSE, London, Sept. 28, 1848.

*Floating Lights in the Prince's Channel.*—Notice is hereby given, that pursuant to the intention expressed in the advertisement from this house, dated 22d ult., two Floating Light Vessels have been moored near the East Tongue and Girdler Sands in the Prince's Channel, in the following positions, viz:

The "Tongue" Light Vessel is placed in 5 1-2 fathoms at low water spring tides, three cables lengths to the eastward of the East Tongue Buoy, and with the following compass bearings, viz:

N. E. Spit Buoy of Margate Sand, S. E. 1-2 S.

Tongue Beacon, W. by N. 1-3 N. North-east Tongue Buoy, W. N. W. 1-4 N.

Shingles Beacon, N. W. 1-4 N.

The "Girdler" Light Vessel is moored in 3 1-2 fathoms at low water spring tides, one half cable's length to the southward of the Girdler Buoy, with the following marks and compass bearings, viz:

The Eastern Preventive Station at St. Nicholas, its apparent width open to the westward of the west end of Cleve Wood, S. S. E. 1-4 E.

The Girdler and Shingles Beacons in line, E. S. E. easterly.

South Girdler Buoy, E. by S. 1-2 S.

North Pansand Buoy, S. S. E. 3-4 E.

West Pansand Buoy, S. by E. 3-4 E.

Shivering Sand Buoy, N. N. W.

Mariners are to observe that on board these respective vessels Lights, as hereinafter described, will be first exhibited on the evening of the 1st October next, and thenceforth continued every night from sunset to sunrise, viz:

At the East Tongue—two fixed Lights, one of which, at the mast-head, will be white; the other will be shown at a low elevation, and colored red.

At the Girdler—one bright revolving Light will be exhibited.

*Note.*—The East Tongue and Girdler buoys remain at their stations for the present, but will be taken away and discontinued after a short time.

J. HERBERT, Secretary.

The following Buoys and Spin-dles have been placed the past season by the Superintendent of Lights, &c. in this district, viz :

A spar buoy, painted black, moored on the middle ground, off the harbor of Stonington, in 12 feet water at low tide ; and bears from Stonington Light-house, S. by W. one mile distant ; vessels bound into Stonington harbor, and of a larger draft than 12 feet, must give the buoy a berth of 1-4 mile on the starboard hand, and steer N. by E. for the Light-house. East end of Fisher's Island from the buoy, S. W. by S. 1-2 S. distant two miles, Napletres point S. E. by S. one mile.

At Bartlett's Reef is also a spar buoy, painted black, and moored in nine feet water, Stonington Light-house S. by E. distant 1-4 mile ; vessels bound into Pawcatuck River, must leave this buoy on the starboard hand.

At Folly Rocks, mouth of Pawcatuck River, an Iron Spindle, with a keg on the top ; it bears from Stonington Light-house E. by S.

The following buoys are in the West Bay of Rhode Island, viz :—

At Plum Beach, a spar buoy, painted red, and moored on the extreme N. E. part of Plum Beach Point, in 14 feet at low tide, bears from Dutch Island Light, N. 1-2 E. distant two miles. Vessels bound up the bay must leave it on the larboard hand, and give it a berth of one cable's length, and continue the course up the bay.

Flat Rocks off Wickford, a spar buoy, painted red, in 15 feet at low water.

Bill Dyer's Rock, a spar buoy, painted red, in 15 feet at low water.

Manna Rock, a spar buoy, painted red. The above buoy bears from Poplar Point Light-house, E. by N. 1-2 N. These buoys are in a

range, and the channel varying, no proper directions can be given.

Dolphin has been placed on Long Bed, in Providence River, in lieu of the buoy formerly placed there.

Notice is hereby given that the new Light-house, lately erected on Tucker's Beach, in the district of Little Egg Harbor, N. J. was put into operation on the night of the first day of December last, and the light, (which is stationary,) will be continued thereafter.

### DISASTERS.

Schr. *George Pollok*, of and from Boston for Curacao, was dismantled off Bermuda, about Aug. 30th, but soon after, a Spanish brig, bound up the Mediterranean, fell in with her and took off the crew. Capt. Swett had previously been drowned in attempting to swim a short distance from the wreck, to obtain a spar.

Dan. schr. *Hansine*, Brorsen, from Buenos Ayres, Aug. 15th, for Boston, was wrecked near the port of Maccio, Brazil, about two degrees S. of Pernambuco, night of Sept. 13th, and went to pieces.

Brig *Splendid*, of Providence, from Wilmington, N. C. for Boston, ashore below W., became a total loss.

Ship *Maine*, of Fairhaven, in attempting to enter the Columbia River, afternoon of 23d or 24th of Aug., struck on what is called the Middle Sands of the Bar, where the English barque *Vancouver* was wrecked in May or June last. She dragged her anchors all night, the sea making a breach over her. The crew reached the shore in safety, but the ship soon after went to pieces.

Barque *Lilius*, Whorf, of Boston, went ashore in a N. W. gale, at Rio Grande, Aug. 12th, and was afterwards condemned and sold.

Smack *Huron* drove ashore Sept. 25th, near the entrance of Clear Harbor, and was about being got off when the gale of the 12th knocked her to pieces.

Br. barque *Olanda*, Farr, of Liverpool, from Maranham for Para, was lost on the shoals off Point Tigoca, mouth of Para River, night of Sept. 9th.

Ship *Hamburg*, Wyman, of Bath, Me., from Newcastle for Philadelphia, sprung leak and foundered 18th Nov.

Brig *Merrimac*, of and from Newburyport, for St. Jago de Cuba, in the Gulf Stream, 27th Oct., was hove on her beam-ends, righted with loss of mast, and six feet water in her hold. She was fallen in with on the 28th, and the crew taken off by the Fr. brig *Assas*, at this port.

Ship *Erin-go-bragh*, at this port from Glasgow, 17th of Oct., fell in with the wreck of Br. barque *Lord Linden*, full of water ; no person on board.

Ship *Martha Washington*, abandoned at sea, on the voyage from New Orleans for Liverpool, had been fallen in with—no date—by Br. brig *Caledonia*. Capt. Noel, from Guernsey, which took off Capt. Whiting and crew, had landed them in Flavana on the 25th of Oct.

Ship *Michigan*, Mason, of Portland, from Glasgow for this port, sprung leak on the 28th



or 29th of September, and was abandoned the 3d of October; Mr. Miller (second mate) and eleven seamen having been taken off by the Br. brig Joseph Anderson, from Saguenay for London. The captain, his wife, the first mate, and three seamen, were drowned by the capsizing of the boat when passing from the ship to the brig.

Br. ship *Eliza*, Snell, from Savannah for New Orleans, was totally lost on the night of the 22d of October, on the Gingerbread Ground.

Ship Liverpool, at this port from Liverpool, Oct. 21st, saw the wreck of the Br. barque *Glenelg*.

Brig *Genius*, from Philadelphia for Tebago, was abandoned the 15th of Oct., in a sinking condition. The captain and crew were taken off by the ship Indiana, hence for New Orleans.

Brig *Usardo*, of and from Bath, on the 27th of October, in a sudden shift of wind, broached to, and was knocked down on her beam-ends, but righted after cutting away her mainmast, with three feet of water in the hold, and the vessel a total wreck.

Brig *Gen. Lincoln*, from Boston for Frankfort, went ashore on Duck Rock, off Monhegan, the night of the 23th of Nov., and became a total wreck; the crew got on a ledge of rocks, where two of them perished with cold.

A letter from Captain Hall, of brig *Ponce*, from Norfolk for Boston, dated Chickamacomico, N. C., 23d of Nov., says his vessel was totally lost, together with the mate and four men, on the night of the 19th ult.

Schr. *Sage*, of Philadelphia, from Wilmington, N. C. for New Bedford, in a sinking condition, was fallen in with on the 22d of Nov., and the crew taken off by barque Roman, at Boston.

Ship *Clara*, from Cadiz on the 1st ult., of and for Portsmouth, N. H., went ashore on Truro Beach, two miles S. of Cape Cod light, on the 20th of Nov., during the gale. Captain Penhalow was washed overboard and lost.

Br. brig *Souvenir*, at this port from Limerick, on the 8th of Oct., fell in with the wreck of the Br. brig *Britannia*, from Demarara for Liverpool, dismantled and nearly full of water; took from her the captain and crew.

Schr. *Maria*, Chase, hence for Boston, dragged her anchors from Bass River, Cape Cod, in the storm on the night of the 19th of Nov., and went to sea. She sunk in the Sound.

Br. schr. *Emily*, Farish, from St. Johns, N. B., on the 15th of Nov. for Boston, attempted to put back in a heavy S. W. blow, and struck on the Foul Ground the same night. She was abandoned, and soon after went to pieces.

Schr. *Charran*, at New Orleans from Campeachy, reports that the barque *Altory* was lost on the 2d of Nov. on the Alacranuts; the captain, his wife, and one seaman were drowned.

Schr. *Eliza Ann*, of Providence, hence for Mobile, was lost on Abaco, on the night of the 16th of Nov.

Schr. *Emily Catharine*, of and from Lubec, for Boston, when off the entrance of Frenchman's Bay, night of 21st Nov., sprung leak, and immediately filled and went down.

Schr. *Newton*, at this port from Charleston, 23d Nov., fell in with the wreck of schr. *Sage*, of Philadelphia, abandoned and waterlogged.

Brig *Larch*, from Gardiner, of and from Savannah, got on the rocks 7th Nov., three miles below Bath, and was entirely lost.

A letter dated Hornstown, Va., Nov. 23d, says: The schr. *Repeater*, from New York, for

City Point, came on shore on Assateague Beach, Nov. 18th. Vessel gone to pieces.

Br. schr. *William Henry*, of and from Prince Edward's Island, for Boston, went ashore at Rocky Hill, Plymouth, 20th Nov., and immediately went to pieces. Five children perished.

Schr. *Major Ringgold*, of and from Belfast, for Boston, dragged ashore on Nabant, 20th Nov., and went to pieces.

Ship *Canton*, Pillsbury, of Bath, from New Orleans to Liverpool, ran ashore on East Key, Tortugas, Nov. 1, and has bilged in twelve feet water.

Schr. *Catherine Scott*, hence for St. Jago de Cuba, 18th Nov., went ashore on the West Bank about 7 P. M., bilged and partly full of water.

Spanish brig *Bella Maria*, from Havana for St. Johns, N. F., was lost on Sable Island previous to 11th Nov.

The wreck of British barque *Amity*, full of water, and a long time abandoned, was seen 25th Nov.

The *Burgundy*, Hunt, of Richmond, Va., from Bremen for New Orleans, got on shore on the Long Sand, 13th Nov., and became a wreck.

British ship Lord Stuart Elphinstone, at this port from Glasgow, 2d Nov., fell in with the wreck of the brig *Juniata*, of Waldoborough.

Schr. *Angeline R. Thompson*, hence for Newbern, N. C., went ashore at night on the 18th Nov., about twenty-five miles north of Beaufort, and went to pieces immediately. The crew succeeded in reaching the shore, where one of them perished.

Brig *Empire*, from Buffalo for Chicago, was run into by propeller Princeton, at night on the 1st of Nov., forty miles above St. Clair River, and sunk.

British barque *Sterling*, Flaven, from Waterford for St. Johns, N. B., was wrecked on the Morr Ledges, Grand Manan, at night on the 5th of Nov.

Schr. *Syrian*, of Surry, went ashore inside of Portland light, in the gales, on the morning of the 20th Nov., and will be a total loss.

Ship *New York*, at this port from Havre, reports: At night, Dec. 1st, about thirty miles westward of Montauk Point, dark weather, came in contact with schooner *Elizabeth Harkness*, of this port, from James River for Providence—carried away our jib-boom, and part of cutwater: at the same time the schooner's masts went by the board; hove the ship to, when the schooner's boat came alongside with the captain and crew, who reported her side to be stove in, and that she was full of water.

Sloop *Mary Virginia* sailed from St. Marks for Manatee, about 29th of Sept. After the storm of the 25th she was near Anclote Keys, on her beam-ends; her boom, gaff, rudder and topmast gone, and the body of a lady, Mrs. Butler, in the cabin. During the storm of the 12th she went to pieces.

#### MISSING VESSELS.

Schr. *Portia*, Hnntington, left Savannah for New Orleans, on the 26th September last, and has not since been heard of.

U. S. schr. *Eufaula*, Davis, sailed from New Orleans, Sept. 29th, for Philadelphia, and has not since been heard of.

Accounts from Callao to the 12th Sept. give no tidings of the ship *Rainbow*, Hayes, which left this port 17th of March last.





## NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1849.

### Honolulu Chapel.

ON the 20th of Nov. 1832, a ship sailed from New London, Ct. for the Sandwich Islands. She carried out the Rev. John Diell, chaplain to seamen in the port of Honolulu, and the principal materials for erecting a chapel and dwelling-house. The foundation of the chapel was laid July 29, 1833; and the building was completed and occupied as a place for public worship on the 28th of November following.

During fifteen years this has been the sailor's moral light-house in that important port.

Recently it has been found necessary to enlarge and repair it at an expense, including the vestry and reading-room, of nearly \$3,000. Most of this amount has been raised by our efficient chaplain, the Rev. S. C. Damon, on the spot; he drawing on the American Seamen's Friend Society only for the sum of \$500 for this purpose.

It being the only place of worship in the English language, foreign residents as well as seamen resort here to hear the gospel preached. In his study and the reading-room, the chaplain entertains his visitors from the sea; furnishing them with Bibles, &c., in various languages, and directing them to Christ as their only refuge from the storm and covert from the tempest. Connected with the chap-

el is a Sabbath School, with about a dozen teachers and a hundred children. A cut of this immensely useful institution is presented on the opposite page. Occasionally we are permitted to record some of its precious fruits; but while we do it we feel assured of joyously meeting a more complete and glorious record on high.

### West India Chaplaincy.

ON Monday, Oct. 30, the Rev. J. MORRIS PEASE sailed from New York in the bark Mara, for his field of labor among seamen in St. Thomas, and adjacent ports in the West Indies. His address will be St. Thomas, W. I. All communications for him sent to the office of the American Seamen's Friend Society, 82 Wall street, New York, will be speedily forwarded to him. He is commended to the prayerful remembrance of all who seek the spiritual good of seamen. The following communication from him, dated St. Thomas, Nov. 10th, will be perused with interest.

SEA SICKNESS—YELLOW FEVER—  
BETHEL FLAG AND PREACHING ON  
SHIP-BOARD—SUDDEN DEATH OF  
A YOUNG SCOTCHMAN—THE POOR  
SAILOR'S LAST "SPREE."

By the blessing of God, I am now at the little rock-built isle of St. Thomas; arrived last evening just as the town-bell struck ten. It was indeed a grand and beautiful sight, as we entered the harbor,

under a full moon, and in the light of countless stars and lamps, gleaming from the heavens above and the windows ahead, to look upon the far-famed city of "Charlotte Amelia," rising up majestically from the sea, and reposing like a jewelled queen, on her "three" crescent, volcanic "hills."

We had a quick and pleasant passage of nine days and six hours from New York. The Mara is a fine vessel, of about three hundred tons, carrying seven thousand and six hundred yards of sail.

Capt. Park, a most worthy man; the entire crew, highly respectable; and the passengers, eleven in all, very agreeable. Among the number, were Rev. Mr. Griffin and lady of Troy, N. Y., Mr. Garnsey of Saratoga, and F. C. Smalley, Esq., American Consul to Barbadoes.

We had fair winds and most delightful weather during the voyage. Still, I suffered every thing but death, from sea-sickness. *Oh, its unmitigated horrors!* I weep this moment to think what I suffered, (not a pound of nourishment in nine days, and lost ten pounds in weight,) but smile in prospect of a sweet and blessed revenge in preaching Jesus and him crucified to seamen. Thank God, amid all my extreme and protracted sufferings, I was graciously sustained by the patient and cheerful hope of ministering the gospel to my poor brothers of the sea.

It is extremely warm in St. Thomas, and quite sickly; from twelve to eighteen deaths daily. The heat of the season has been unusually intense, rains are now abundant, a broiling sun immediately follows, poisonous vapors arise, the air is full of deadly arrows, and a new form of fever prevails, called by the doctors a "malignant typhus." Its victims are arrested at once, quickly prostrated, vital heat is exhausted, a cold clammy sweat ensues, and relentless death strikes in a moment the fatal blow.

*November 11th.*—The heat is so great that I can get out but little; have called several times at the

governor's office, but do not find him in; have taken room and board at two dollars a day; will shortly make arrangements to obtain room for an office, board, &c., at about fifty dollars a month.

Capt. Park has kindly invited me to preach on the Mara to-morrow morning. Have just addressed a letter to his excellency, Judge H. Berg, present officiating governor of St. Thomas, asking permission to officiate to-morrow on an American vessel, &c.

Retire to rest this night much prostrated, both in body and mind, but trusting in the Lord for health, strength, grace and wisdom requisite to my day and duty.

*Sabbath evening, November 12.*—This has been a day of deep and thrilling interest. At early dawn, his excellency sent me a note, kindly granting my request of yesterday.

At seven o'clock, A. M., a large procession, moving slowly down Government Hill to the main street, followed the remains of a respectable young man to the grave. He was a few months from Scotland—a clerk in a large mercantile house—had been sick three days. Rev. Mr. Knox visited him yesterday morning at ten o'clock. The young man mentioned his sickness, home, and friends; expressed hope of recovery, and promise of a better life; but the dew of death was thick and heavy on his marble brow. He said to his pastor, "I will come and see you in a few days, when I am better." At 2 P. M. he died.

At eight o'clock the *Bethel Flag* was flying at the main-mast head of the Mara. It was a new and glorious sight; flying out perfectly, and in full sight of the town. Many inquired, as they passed along the streets, walked in their balconies, or sat at their windows, "What *Flag* is that? What does *Bethel* mean? What does that *dove* represent? What is that *leaf* in its beak? And then, that *solitary star* twinkling over the dove, how solemn and yet religious it looks!"



At twelve o'clock the captain sent his boat ashore for me and others. The hour of divine service was at hand, and our spacious cabin was full of serious, attentive hearers.

We sung that beautiful hymn, commencing,

"Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise!  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes."

All arose and joined in singing the praise of God; we then bowed in prayer; and on rising, read for our first scripture lesson the twenty-seventh Psalm, and for our second, the fifth chapter of 2 Corinthians. We then sung,

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain."

It was a precious moment! All seemed to feel the Lord present. My text was Hebrews xi. 16. I portrayed that "*better country*," contrasting its purity and happiness with the sin and sorrow of earth. Tears were on many a face. My own heart melted to tenderness—I wept for grief and joy.

Near the conclusion, while speaking of heaven as a country free from sickness and death, a note was handed me by the second mate of the vessel. I held it in my hand, having no idea of its contents, till I had closed my sermon; when, on opening the note, all eyes turned upon me. What was my surprise to find a communication reading as follows:

"Rev. Mr. Pease: Dear Sir,—Will you have the kindness to officiate this P. M.; at five o'clock, at the funeral of an American sailor, who died this morning at the hospital? It is especially requested that you should officiate; and will a sufficient number of your audience be present to aid as pall-bearers?"

It was enough—all hearts melted, all eyes overflowed. I improved the solemn call as well as my bursting emotions would permit. The service was concluded by

prayer, and singing that impressive hymn—

"A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky."

At five o'clock, in company with Mr. C——, an American merchant, and Consul Smalley, I went to the hospital. It was far up out of town, on an open plain, at the base of a lofty mountain. Some fifty inhabitants and about twenty sailors were present; all gathered close to the door of a most squalid, miserable building. Here, in a small, dark room, far away from home and friends, poor Jack suffered and died. The body lay full dressed on a filthy couch. Mr. C—— approached, removed the covering from his face, and exclaimed, "My God; it is not the man I thought it was! This young man was well last Sabbath, and I begged him to go to sea; but he said, 'No, I have not spent all my money yet; I will have out my spree!'"

He was put in a black coffin, closed up, brought out, and placed on a bench.

The bright sun was just going to rest, amid a gorgeous palace of gold and purple clouds. Dark shadows of the mountain spread over us. We offered up prayer to Almighty God, gave a few words of exhortation, and parted with the benediction.

It was a solemn, an awful occasion. Several young sailors and a number of officers grasped my hand and cried, "O, sir, when I die, let me die with my friends at home! or, if I must die from home, let me die at sea, and be committed to the deep, deep ocean! But never, oh never, let me die on shore in a foreign land!"

The place, the house, the circumstances where this poor fellow came to his end, were any thing but pleasant. No one present knew his native place, his friends, or history. We only knew his name—WILLIAM; that he was discharged from the whaling ship "American," of Sag Harbor, which was condemned

here some months ago, paid off, and with one other of the same crew remained. The other died a few weeks since. And poor William *would* have out his *spree*, before he shipped again! He has now launched into the fearful abyss of eternity! We all saw and felt how dark and wretched was his end.

The coffin was placed in a hearse, a boy led the horse, the wheels rumbled slowly along over the stones, it was dark, and a procession of some twenty persons followed to the grave.

Many a time from the lips of those in the procession, words like these fell on my ear: "*Poor fellow! and is this to be our end?*"

Thus have I commenced and closed my labors for seamen this day, by preaching to the living and burying the dead. Pray for me.

Yours, affectionately, &c.

J. MORRIS PEASE.

#### Sailor Missionary.

Gottenburg, July 4, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 4th May, together with the remittance and Sailor's Magazines, were duly received, for which please receive my sincere and grateful thanks.

In first part of April, as usual, I began my work of going among the seamen, and distributing Bibles and tracts.

On Monday after Easter I had to walk about two miles, against a very severe snow-storm, to fulfil an engagement I had made with some pious friends to hold a meeting. On the way I had to cross a creek, which, on account of the storm, was unusually high, and I had to wade deep in the water to cross it, which, together with the snow and rain, I was fairly wet through before I arrived at the place appointed. There I obtained dry clothes, and had a very good meeting, and felt no bad effects from the exposure, and even the next day, at another place at some distance, met some Christian friends.

But now I began to feel unwell,

and thought it best to hasten home. And a few days after I was taken down with a violent fever, which kept me in bed two months, and I have but recently, by the help of God, been restored. Praise the Lord! even by this sickness He, no doubt, has had some good purpose in view for me, although unseen by my narrow-sighted eyes. Oh, how much cause have I to praise the Lord! for when I consider my own condition in comparison with others that lay on the bed of sickness on shipboard, or in a foreign hospital, or many in this city in the extreme of poverty, without not only medical attendance, but often without the least sympathy from those around, and that is not the worst of all, without the knowledge of Him who hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows, and without an interest in his blood, and without hope, oh what am I!—how greatly unworthy of all the mercies that the Lord bestows on me. I have been allowed to lay in my quiet little dwelling, attended and watched by a tender, sympathizing bosom-companion—the greatest of all earthly blessings; the aid of a physician and medicine have not been wanting, and often have I been visited and cheered by pious friends; but the best of all was, that I felt my anchor, hope, cast within the veil. Yes, bless the Lord,

"When I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

These considerations make me also feel deeply ashamed of my former slothfulness and inactivity in laboring for the salvation of my fellow sinners. And as the Lord has had mercy upon me, and again is pleased to restore me to health, may I also, through the abundance of his grace, be enabled to engage more actively in his blessed service. At the first, when I was taken sick, the enemy of souls was allowed to attack me in questioning my title to Heaven in case I should die. • At first I looked at myself, and soon



found that if I was to appear before God in my own garments, I would not be able to answer for one in a thousand of my sins, and so I called upon the name of the Lord, and thanks be to his adorable name, he appeared to my soul, and I could by faith hear him as if it were asking me, if ever he required any thing at my hands? If I did not remember what I so often, to the unspeakable joy and comfort of my soul, had heard and read in his holy word, that salvation is of grace, not of any work of our own, but by faith in his work and sufferings, that we are saved; and bless the Lord, the enemy disappeared at once; my soul was filled with the unspeakable peace of God. And during the whole of my sickness I was favored with His gracious presence.

Our missionary adds, under date of August 10th:—

Our hearts have been greatly refreshed and encouraged from the visit of a dear brother, a Swede, commander of a vessel that belongs to Valparaiso. He was converted to God some years ago; he went out as mate with his brother to the coast; and has since that time, through various trials, proved faithful to the Lord and his cause. He is still young, about twenty-four years of age, but zealous in his Master's cause, and will do very much in furthering the cause of God among seamen, and in the world.

He is now in Hamburg with the vessel, and from there is bound back again to the southwest coast of America. He will doubtless be a great help to the chaplain your Society has there.

Bless the Lord! Shall we not thank God and take courage? My health being restored, I am endeavoring, according to my ability, to use it in my Master's cause. A great fair is opened in the town, and people from different parts of the land, far and near, are gathered and crowding the city and suburbs, embracing all sorts of characters.

This is a favorable sowing time. I am endeavoring to improve seasons in spreading the word of God. Another good brother in Christ is busily employed in distributing tracts among the multitude, and also to sell Bibles and Testaments, and speak to all that will listen to us of the things of God. At this fair, especially, a great number of fishermen from the northern parts of this district are in town with their produce to sell, and I am especially desirous of furnishing each of them, if possible, with the Bible; particularly as the word of God is scarce among them, and because, from the nature of their avocation, they are deprived, a great portion of their time, from hearing the preached word, just like other seamen. I make it a practice to be on board the ships some part of every day. On board of Norwegian vessels I have lately had the gratification of seeing seamen brought to Christ. On board a vessel of this port I have great hopes of at least one real conversion. The word of God, and especially the tracts, are thankfully and gladly received.

I have frequent visits from seamen at my dwelling. I think also I see evidences that the Lord is reviving his work even among our own people.

Yours, respectfully,  
F. O. NELSON.

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**Sailor's Home, New York.**

Boston, Oct. 20th, 1848.

DEAR SIR:—I cannot refrain from communicating to you what I have always had in my mind to express, concerning the "Sailor's Home," and the hospitable manner in which men are received and treated at that house. I am at present staying in this city, and was led to think of New York and the many ways by which sailors are enticed to throw away their hard-earned wages, from conversation with persons who, like myself, are interested in the welfare and advancement of that useful and, in

many cases, despised class of men, who "go down to the sea in ships."

It has been a melancholy thing to me, to know that a great many of the social feelings and interests, which make society and intercourse with each other such a blessed means of happiness to our race, are denied to the *sailor*, as if from the nature of his profession he ought to be estranged from his brother man while on shore. I look upon such a state of things as tending more to the demoralizing of that class of people than any other cause. The sailor who could think that when he is on shore he would be looked upon as a part of the community, which is made up of persons like himself, who, in their various callings, promote general good, and form the features which make up society—I say, a sailor feeling thus, would estimate his own character and value much more than he who feels that when he is on land he is out of his element; that he does not belong there; and that every one whom he meets considers him as an inferior being, whose only business is to toil like a mere machine for others' benefit. If a man does not know that the rest of his fellows are in a degree dependent upon him, how is he to elevate his mind and respect himself?

The "Sailor's Home" of New York is an institution which, in my opinion, tends to alienate the seaman from these notions of exclusiveness, and thus accomplishes more than we can see at a glance. I know from experience and practical observation, that its benefit is felt by hundreds who consider it as a home. It has been my object, wherever my influence could prevail, to direct sailors there, and in no instance have I heard the house spoken of by them in any other than glowing terms of satisfaction.

I myself must acknowledge the kindness with which I have always been entertained while I have visited the house, and it is with the

deepest feelings of regard that refer to it.

Be kind enough to remember me most kindly to Mrs. Richardson, and excuse the liberty I have taken in addressing you.

I remain your friend and obedient servant.

#### The Home and the Sabbath remembered.

THE following extract is from a letter addressed to Capt. Richardson, by a man who had saved both his money and character, by boarding at the Home. He is now a mate.

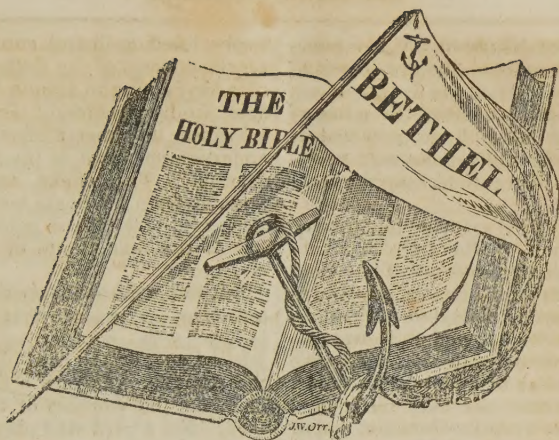
I shall always remember the Sailor's Home with pleasure—where I have received so much good instruction. How I long to be there to join you in the evening in your family devotion! It is truly a home to seamen, only one half of them don't know it. How I would like to be with a religious captain, where we could spend the Sabbath as it should be spent! The one I am with now is a good, kind man, but all he cares for is making money. I have lent him several good books and tracts, but they seem to make no impression on him. He is at present going home to his family, while I am getting the schooner repaired and painted, after which we shall probably go to the eastward for a load of lime. I don't intend to stay with him very long, for it grieves me to work on Sundays, and I believe he is in the habit of starting always on Sundays. Now, sir, I hope you may long live to do good to sailors.

Yours, L. A. DUNLOP.

REPROOF.—It is generally best that reproofs be given in secret, and kept secret; for this will give them a strong appearance of softness and meekness, will show a tenderness to the person's reputation, and by this means will gain upon him.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion, in all things.





### Western Seamen's Friend Society.

THE centre of this Society's operations is Cleveland, Ohio. Its object—to improve the social and moral condition of the boatmen on the thousand miles of canals in the states of Ohio, northeast Indiana, and northwest Pennsylvania, and the sailors on the lakes. It is an auxiliary of the American Bethel Society, and employs Mr. R. H. Leonard as its general agent.

We have room only for brief extracts from the reports of its missionaries.

The Wabash and Erie Canal, from its present termination—Perryville, Ia.—to Toledo, Ohio, is 256 miles long, and employs about 2000 persons on its 300 boats.

Says one of its missionaries, W. W. Brier, "You now have some idea of the field in which I labor, and it is natural that you should ask, 'what have you been doing?' Well, to attempt a full description of what I have done, would be like a man trying to tell what he had cut down after mowing prairie grass all day.

"I have visited all, or nearly all the boats on the canal—conversed and prayed with the men, as circumstances would permit, and sup-

plied them to a great extent with Bibles and tracts. When I commenced my labors not one boat in ten had either a Bible or Testament on board. Oh, what a condition these men have been in, without a Bible, without a Sabbath, and without a minister! No wonder they have had no God, and felt that 'religion is not for boatmen.' But the gospel has power among them as among other men; said one to me, who lingered for conversation after a meeting among them, 'Oh, sir, I have felt since our last conversation that there is a hell; there is one in my bosom.' At the time of the conversation referred to, he professed to be a Universalist. But his scepticism had all fled and left him; his manly frame was convulsed with emotion, and while the tears from his large black eyes trickled down his care-worn cheeks, he pledged himself to God, and to commence immediately the active duties of religion, especially in his family. I furnished him with a copy of the Scriptures, for which he paid the usual price.

"There are many young men on this canal from the bosom of pious families in the East, who frequently express the strongest desire for the salvation of their souls. The fact is, these men are not gospel hardened, and when addressed kindly and faithfully on the subject of religion, they feel deeply.

"Oh, Brother L., here is the la-

bor I most delight in. It is a glorious work to move the great deep of the heart. Of all the men to whom I have communicated the news of salvation, none have received it more respectfully, none with greater marks of gratitude, than the boatmen."

Mr. J. T. Westover, missionary to boatmen on the Ohio and tributary canals, says:—"The Ohio Canal, extending from Cleveland to Portsmouth, a distance of 309 miles, has between 300 and 400 boats employed on its waters, which give employment to about 2,500 hands. Of the boats, not over thirty men profess to keep the Sabbath, and of this number, few do so strictly, although by far the greater number of them are owned by professors of religion.

"I have visited nearly half the boats on the canal while under way, besides many while lying in port. I have supplied many of the boats and boatmen with Bibles and Testaments, and distributed 15,500 pages of tracts among them. I have also held meetings among them, and religious services on their boats, as often as circumstances would seem to justify.

"In consequence of a break in the canal, forty-three boats were collected together, and more than two hundred boatmen. I held a meeting with them on Saturday evening, told them my business there, and that if they would attend the next morning, I would preach to them in a grove near by. When the time appointed came, I went to the place designated, where I found comfortable seats arranged for the audience, and a stand for the speaker. The pulpit was composed of a *horse-board*,\* one end resting on a log, the other on a stump, and a chair placed on the board.

"There were nearly three hundred boatmen in attendance, and listened with as respectful attention as I ever witnessed in any congregation. After service they volun-

tarily lifted a liberal contribution for the support of the Bethel cause, then invited me to preach for them again in the afternoon. I of course complied, and met a much larger congregation than at the morning service. The cooks and other females from the boats were in attendance, and also a goodly number of the inhabitants of that vicinity.

"It was a pleasant scene to contemplate. The place that one day before was consecrated to the wicked one, by the card-player and the profane, was now a Bethel—a place for the worship of the living God. Not a card was played there during the day, nor do I recollect hearing one profane word. Frequently, as I have met a boatman since, he has said, 'I believe you are the man that preached for us at the break?' And as I answered in the affirmative, he would say, 'Well, I never saw such a time at a break in my life before.' Such are some of the visible results of your missionary's feeble and imperfect efforts; and in conclusion I would say, from a general survey of the field, and from careful observation, it is my firm conviction that the operations and objects of the Society, followed up and carried out by faithful and energetic workmen, cannot but result in infinite good to that class of our fellow men whose benefit they seek."

#### SANDUSKY CITY.

The commerce of this place is rapidly improving; there were last year 325 arrivals of steamboats, and 530 of sail vessels. This is not a way-port, but a "*terminus*," where they invariably tarry for some time, and thus afford an excellent opportunity to the chaplain to labor among them.

The prospect is, that the number of seamen in this port will greatly increase, as their two rail-roads are stretching thier iron arms through the states, and in a few months one will be more than one hundred miles long, and the other will reach Cincinnati.

\* The plank upon which the horses walk in and out of the boat.



## TOLEDO.

It is estimated that during the season of navigation there is a weekly average of 1000 boatmen and sailors in this port, and when it is remembered that it is the terminus for two large canals, and a rail-road, beside a great amount of lake shipping, it will be seen the number is not overrated.

Notwithstanding the forbidding aspects of this field, the missionaries report such fruits as amply repay for all their labors. Like the ocean sailors, these men and boys were once regarded as hopeless of reform. But the tide has turned; so that we may say alike to the sailor and boatman,

"There's hope for thee."

## Prayer Answered.

A FEW weeks since an interesting youth, J. P. L., left our shores on a whaling voyage in the Pacific Ocean. "Such was the interest felt in him by his relatives," says one of them, "as led us to solicit the united prayers of friends in different places, on the two first Sabbaths of his voyage, both publicly and privately, for his conversion. That prayer has been answered, his letters testify"—[The reader is referred to the next No. of the Magazine for these letters, as we cannot find room for them in this—"and as I told Capt. F., if he took our 'Benjamin,' his sails would be often filled with prayer. Oh, how happy shall we all be to hear of his safe arrival at Oahu! where I trust the dear missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Damon, will compassionate his case, both in body and soul. We thought we had valued the missionaries' efforts for forty long years; but not till now, when our child is crying for the bread of life, and feeding on the hardest fare of the world's provisions, did we realize all the springs within us stirred by the name of missionary. With parental love I said to him, as we parted, he to go on board the 'Mar-

garet,' 'J. P., if you should be sick, need food, or clothing, or money, don't fail to tell the missionaries who you are, and ask their aid; not thinking then that his first want would be the administration of the bread of life.'"

## Loss of Two Whaling Ships.

WE have to announce the loss of two large vessels engaged in the Davis' Straits fishery; one, the Bon Accord, of Hull, 600 tons burthen, Capt. Lee; and the Alfred, 400 tons, of Bonnes. It appears the vessels were lost within a quarter of a mile of each other, on the same day. 3d July last, in 75 degrees N., by being crushed to complete wrecks between icebergs. It was blowing a hurricane at the time, with constant snow. The crews, sixty in number, suffered frightfully from the cold; but with the exception of three seamen they were all saved.

## Another Donation.

AGAIN with pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of a handsome donation to the American Seamen's Friend Soc., from Messrs. J. Stead and B. Dyer, manufacturers, Providence, R. I., of TWENTY-FOUR Doz. Guernsey Frocks, invoiced at \$216. Changed into cash, we hope to make this, like similar previous gifts from the same source, the means of salvation to the perishing.

## The Mite.

FROM a warm friend of the cause, whose means are not equal to his desires, or your treasury would reap the benefit thereof, \$3.

## ACCOUNT OF MONEYS.

From November 15th, to December 15th, 1848.

Directors for Life by the payment of Fifty Dollars.

|                                                               |         |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Rev. J. W. Irwin, by Cong'l Ch. and Soc'y, Danbury, Ct.       | \$72 06 |
| Rev. John P. Gulliver, by Main St. Cong'l Soc'y, Norwich, Ct. | 50 00   |

*Members for Life by the Payment of  
Twenty Dollars.*

|                                                                                  |         |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Arthur Wilkinson, Boston, Mass.                                                  | \$20 00 |
| Capt. Nath'l Smith, Newbury, Ms.                                                 | 20 00   |
| Mrs. Catharine B. Capron, by Ladies Sea. Friend Soc'y, Uxbridge, Mass. (in part) | 14 00   |
| Mrs. Sarah M. Patterson, Mount Joy, Pa.                                          | 1 00    |
| Mrs. Maria Griffin, by Benev. Association, Clinton, Ct. (in part)                | 15 00   |
| Charles Fairbanks, New York, by Erastus Fairbanks,                               | 20 00   |
| George W. Corning, New Orleans, by Jasper Corning, N. Y.                         | 20 00   |
| Robert E. Corning, do do                                                         | 20 00   |
| Laura C. Corning, do do                                                          | 20 00   |
| Eliza S. Corning, do do                                                          | 20 00   |
| Edwin Corning, do do                                                             | 20 00   |
| T. Maher, do do                                                                  | 20 00   |
| Rev. Mr. Beadle, do do                                                           | 30 00   |
| Rev. Wm. E. Schenck, by Pres. Ch. Princeton, N. J.                               | 36 50   |
| Mrs. Catharine P. Taylor, by Ladies Char. Soc. Andover, Mass.                    | 20 00   |
| Mrs. Mehitabel Abbot, do do                                                      | 20 00   |
| Miss Mary Jane Hovey, by Sea. Fr. Soc., E. Bradford, Mass.                       | 20 00   |
| Mrs. Nahum Ayres, by La. Benev. Soc'y, N. Braintree, Mass.                       | 20 00   |
| Mrs. Henry A. Delano, do do                                                      | 20 00   |
| Miss Rhoda Wilcox, do do                                                         | 20 00   |
| Mrs. B. F. Hamilton, do do                                                       | 20 00   |
| Mrs. Lydia Smith, by Ladies Sea. Fr. Soc'y, Beverly, Mass.                       | 20 00   |
| Miss Loisa Woodbury, do do                                                       | 20 00   |
| Levi Cochran, by Pres. Cong. N. Boston, N. H. (in part)                          | \$9 29, |
| ack. last month,                                                                 | 25      |

*Donations.*

|                                                                                         |       |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| An Evening Meeting, Newtown, Ct.                                                        | 4 38  |
| A Friend,                                                                               | 1 00  |
| Female Benev. Soc'y, Tolland, Ct.                                                       | 3 00  |
| Ref. Dutch Ch. Fishkill, N. Y.                                                          | 28 79 |
| R. B. do do                                                                             | 1 00  |
| Rev. J. T. C. do do                                                                     | 1 00  |
| Cornelius Burroughs, do                                                                 | 1 00  |
| Alson Sherwood, do do                                                                   | 5 00  |
| Rev. S. Van Vechten, do                                                                 | 5 00  |
| Second Pres. Ch. Newburyport, Mass.                                                     | 21 71 |
| North Cong'l Soc'y, do do                                                               | 23 53 |
| Ladies of Benev. Soc'y. First Cong'l Soc'y, Lowell, Mass. to purchase books for Seamen, | 25 00 |
| Missionary Soc'y of Centre Ch. S. School, New Haven, Ct.                                | 37 00 |
| Ladies of First Parish, Amherst, Mass.                                                  | 29 39 |
| Gentlemen of do do                                                                      | 20 61 |

|                                                                      |             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| M. H. Newman, New York,                                              | \$50 00     |
| Christ's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.                                     | 84 00       |
| Individuals in Meth. Epis. Ch. Danbury, Ct.                          | 2 75        |
| Rev. Dr. Bond's Cong. Norwich, Ct.                                   | 96 00       |
| Rev. Dr. Bond's Cong. by Miss Harrington,                            | 55 44       |
| Rev. Dr. Bond's Cong. by Miss Lee,                                   | 5 64-157 08 |
| Main St. Cong'l Soc'y, do (in addition to \$50 for L. D.)            | 13 80       |
| Main St. Cong'l Soc'y, do do by Miss Briggs,                         | 14 82-28 62 |
| Rev. Mr. Arms' Soc'y, Norwich, Ct.                                   | 32 60       |
| Individuals, Norwich, Ct.                                            | 24 00       |
| Ladies of Edwards Ch. Northampton, Mass.                             | 8 58        |
| Friend to the cause, Glenham, Mass.                                  | 3 00        |
| Cong'l Soc'y, Westport, Ct.                                          | 21 50       |
| Pres. Church, Lawrenceville, N. J.                                   | 47 87       |
| First Cong'l Soc'y, Cornwall, Vt.                                    | 5 00        |
| Cong'l Soc'y Norwich, Vt.                                            | 2 00        |
| Cong'l Soc'y Dunbarton, N. H.                                        | 14 37       |
| Rev. Mr. Campbell's Ch. Newburyport, Mass.                           | 28 00       |
| Rev. Mr. Fisher's Ch. Bellville, Mass.                               | 19 50       |
| Ladies Char. Society, Andover, Mass. (in addition to \$40 for L. M.) | 60 00       |
| Second Ch. Dorchester, Mass.                                         | 49 54       |
| Rev. L. Brigham's Cong. Danstable, Mass.                             | 13 25       |
| Rev. Mr. Chipman's Cong. Athol, Mass.                                | 7 50        |
| A Friend in Brookline, Mass.                                         | 1 00        |
| A Friend in New York,                                                | 1 00        |

\$1447 13

*Sailor's Home, N. Y.*

|                                                                                                                            |  |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--|
| Female Benev. Soc'y, Tolland, Ct. two quilts, four sheets, 5 pillow-cases, six flannel shirts, four pair socks.            |  |
| Mrs. Eliza Hoyt, Danbury, Ct. two pillow-cases, one woollen shirt, two comfortable.                                        |  |
| Young Ladies' Sewing Circle, Pres. Ch. Poughkeepsie, N. Y. one quilt, six sheets, five pillow-cases, one pair of socks.    |  |
| Ladies' Sewing Society, Becket Centre, Mass. twelve pillow-cases, six towels, seven shirts, one pair of socks, two quilts. |  |
| A Friend, nine pair woollen socks.                                                                                         |  |
| Married Ladies' Benev. Soc'y, Clinton, Ct. one quilt, one pair pillow-cases, one pair sheets, six shirts.                  |  |